for powder, they'l fill a pit as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſt. I, but *Sir Iohn*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggerly.

Fal. Faith for their poverty, I know not where they had that, And for their bareneſſe, I am ſure they never learnt that of me.

Prin. No i'le be ſworne, unleſſe you call three fingers on the ribs, bare: but ſirra, make haſte, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the King incamp'd?

Weſt. He is, *Sir Iohn*, I feare we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well, the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gueſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Wee'l fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? lookes he not for ſupply?

Ver. So doe we.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good couſin, be adviſ'd, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Do not my Lord.

Dow. You doe not counſell well;
Thou ſpeakſt it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do not ſlaunder, *Dowglas*, by my life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my life;
If well-reſpected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſell with weake feare,
As you my Lord, or any *Scot*, that this day lives:
Let it be ſeene to morrow in the battell, which of us feares.

Dow. Yea, or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night, ſay I,

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of ſuch great leading as you are.
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horſes
Of my couſin *Vernons* are not yet come up.

Your